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LITERARY

Review

1961

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SCHOLASTIC WINNERS

National First Prizes:

George Schor - Kathy Bruton

Regional Gold Keys:

George Schor - Kathy Bruton - Diane Wolfe - Nan Lawler

Regional Honorable Mention:

David Towne - Sara Gordon - Vello Oinas

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(Editors' Note: We wish to acknowledge the excellent material submitted for the Review and express our regret that limited budget and space prevented the publishing of all this work. This 1961 issue of the Literary Review is dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Good whose help and guidance was indispensable to the staff.)

THE BIGGEST PUSH

Sally pedalled her bicycle up the steep hill which led away from her house. The hot sun burned down on her back. It was fun to coast down the hill but Sally first had to reach the top.

It had not been long ago that Sally had not been able to ride, but her mother had pushed her until she could.

She stopped to rest. The familiar old Chevy passed by. She waved to her father who was going to visit Mother at the hospital.

"Will Mother ever be well again?" Sally asked herself.

Sally huffed again and continued up the hill. When she finally reached the top, coasting down was pure pleasure.

Upon returning home, she steered her way into the driveway, past her aging mutt, Smokey, and up to the garage. She parked her bicycle and walked back to the house to get the key to the garage.

Smokey barked hello as she opened the gate. When he jumped to greet her, Sally stooped and patted him gently.

As she opened the screen door, she heard strains of piano playing coming from the living room. Her sister Toni was practicing her favorite piece.

Sally looked down at her own long, slender hands. Mother had wanted Sally to play, but when she had rebelled, Mother had not forced her to practice. But Mother still reminded her that she had "piano hands".

"Piano hands!" Sally grunted. Her hands were just long and skinny. Her knuckles seemed to stand up and sneer at her. Her awful freckles were more visible than ever after just having been in the hot September sun.

Sally reached for the key that hung beside the kitchen window, took it and ran outside again. Smokey met her and scurried with her to the garage. Sally released the kickstand of the bicycle and pushed it into the garage.

As she left, she picked up a stick and threw it down the driveway. Smokey chased it, lay down and began to chew on it as he always did. Sally laughed at him, went into the yard, took her skirts from the clothes line and shuffled into the house.

As Toni was still playing the piano, Sally went into the laundry-room to press a skirt for school the next day.

Since tomorrow would be the first day of the new term, Sally wouldn't be riding her bicycle or just sitting and doing nothing for a while. Going back to school did offer one advantage other than studies; she might catch the boy she had chased all last year.

Two years ago she would never have been forward enough even to think of chasing boys, but Mother had pushed her until she, like Toni, had become a dizzy, scheming female.

Sally looked down at her skirt and gave a little shriek. Although she had known how to iron well, she had been careless and had burned her skirt. She had made it last year and now she had a good reason for not wearing it any more.

She had begun to iron another one when her sister Toni came in and said, "You've been ironing that one skirt for an hour. Hurry up! Daddy will be coming back in a little while and it's my turn to go to stay with Mother."

"Here," said Sally as she put the iron down, "go ahead and iron your blouse, but hurry up."

Sally threw her skirt over a chair as she passed through the kitchen on her way outside to see if her other clothes had

Mother had taught Sally to avoid arguing with Toni because Toni could always find something to be angry about. Now that Mother was critically ill, everyone was grouchy. Even Smokey seemed mad at the world at times.

"This can't keep up much longer," Sally thought. "It would be better if Mother died." It was a cruel thing to think but Sally was right. It would be better for everyone.

The old Chevy pulled up into the driveway and stopped at the garage.

Her father stepped out and called, "Sally, come and help me with these things." Sally ran to the car and opened the back door.

When she saw the bone-colored over-night case that she knew so well, she said, "These are Mother's things. When is she coming home?"

By the expression on her father's face, Sally knew the answer before he said, "Mother isn't coming home, Sally."

The next few days were filled with tears and distressing thoughts. Sally realized that she had not caused her mother's death, but even reality could not erase her feeling of guilt.

The funeral was now over and the family was trying to nap, but Sally had never been able to sleep during the day.

There were only "soap-operas" on television and she was hardly in the mood for a "true life drama." She looked into the living room at the piano. Then she picked up a movie magazine. Liz Taylor was at it again. She looked again at the piano. No one was downstairs to see or hear her. She walked slowly into the living room, sat down and began to play.

Sarah Gordon 216-2

I REMEMBER....

Masses of people are running back and forth. The shipyard is over crowded with people who have only one thing in mind-- getting out of the country at all costs. Like animals they push, pull, and fight--hoping to escape from the murderous Communists.

"Jumal, Jumal miks oled sa meid maka jatnud?"* With these words thousands of people ask why, after many years of peace and freedom, they are now so close to death or even worse--slavery. For they are fleeing from Estonia, which had one of the most democratic forms of government this world has ever known until conquered by the Communists.

My family and I are among these souls. After years of prosperous living, (My father was a well-to-do industrial engineer with his own factory.) we, with only our lives, are now standing among thousands of others, hoping to escape.

Although I was only a few years old at the time, I vividly recall the horrible chain of events that took place that night.

I remember running, running, and more running. My father tells us that we must hurry or else we will be left to the Communists. I don't know exactly what is going on, but I obey without question. After reaching the harbor, I am startled by the large crowd of people and the huge vessels. Next comes the long wait.

*In Estonian, "Oh God, why hast thou forsaken us?"

Finally, we are able to get passage on the German transport boat Lapland, which is returning to Germany. On our way to the vessel I start crying because I am afraid to leave my home. Because I am so young, I do not realize how well off we really are to be able to escape.

Darkness comes and the captain of the Lapland decides that it will be best if we wait for the other ships a few miles from the coast of Estonia. That night I see for the last time my homeland.

Although it is night, I can see Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, as clearly as if it were day. I have the Russians to thank for this. For you see, the whole city is in flames. There is the constant clamor of enemy planes flying over the country and dropping their bombs on thousands of innocent people. From a distance the city looks like a huge bonfire. I look and stare, but do not know what it is all about.

Toward morning, completely exhausted, I fall asleep next to my father on the deck of the ship. However, I do not sleep long. At day break I awake and am startled by what I see. I look again toward the shore, but there is no city. It has vanished in the flames.

With the coming of the other vessels, our captain lifts anchor and we begin a most dangerous journey to freedom. Among the caravan of six ships are four transport vessels and two large German medical ships. One of these ships, the large medical vessel Moero, has about three thousand wounded German troopers and Estonian refugees aboard. By now we are still thinking about our homeland

but are relieved to know that we have gone--we hope--through the worst part of our journey. People begin to talk again, and a few smiles are even noticed. In a few hours we think we will be safe.

However, our dreams and hopes are shattered when out of the east come ten Russian planes. People start to panic. They run and scream, and some even pray. All of a sudden I look up and see a Russian plane coming right toward us. Luckily our transport ship is equipped with anti-aircraft guns. The plane is unable to fly directly above the ship, and therefore sends its bombs, missing the ship by only a few yards. All of a sudden a great explosion is heard, and the vessel rocks back and forth. My father, horrified, makes plans to jump overboard if the ship is struck. Fortunately, everything goes well and we are out of danger temporarily.

But tragedy does strike the medical ship Moero. Because she has no anti-aircraft guns, she is unable to defend herself. As a result, a Russian plane drops a bomb right down her smokestack. Immediately there is a great roar, and the vessel splits in half. All of the people and baggage on deck slide on top of each other into the sea. In fifteen minutes the ship goes down. Many people are struggling in the water. The survivors start climbing up the sides of our vessel. Some, before they can be pulled to safety, fall back into the ocean from exhaustion. Our captain says that we must leave before the Russian planes come back. So hundreds of people are left to perish in the cold waters. Finally after many hours we reach Germany and freedom.

After living five years in Germany, I am now in the United States. Although I have had a pleasant life here for ten years, I can still remember vividly those horrible experiences connected with our escape from Estonia.

Vello Oinas 229-4

Unwelcome Prophecy

The antique Farmers' Almanac whispers
In parched tones of rain.
Beyond the threshold of the glass desert
Fat, derisive drops fleet by,
Pounding, smashing back the doors
Of daffodil, sweet-pea, hydrangea;
Frowning they descend; staunchly
Sneering they flood the palsied earth.
They stampede like cattle down rusty drains.
While it rains,
Splurting panicked in a geyser.
While the scimitars lunge, throbbing,
Through tangled branches of trees.
They carve vain cameos on asphalt faces,
Weave witches' rage of musty, darkened lace.
Where's the sheltered cave, a terminal
For the slicing, cracking rain?
What's the good of disdain
When it rains?

Enid Steine 206-4

He Thought He Was Perfect

Mr. Barnaby Stone was the type of person who could sit for hours and tinker with motors. He was especially fond of internal combustion engines. Barnaby was also what you might call a perfectionist in every task which he sought to undertake.

One day while passing an auto graveyard, Barnaby spied a 1932 Duesenberg in a far corner of the yard. Instantly deciding that this was the car for him, he bought it. The dealer agreed to have the car towed to Barnaby's house.

After inspecting the Duesenberg thoroughly and writing down all of the missing parts, Barnaby sent a letter to a company in Germany which still carried them.

A few weeks later, the parts were delivered. Then Mr. Stone started the tedious task of reconditioning the automobile.

First, Barnaby started with the engine. It was an eight cylinder engine that he modified. He reworked the bore to 4.5 inches and set up the pistons for a six inch stroke.

Second was the gearbox. This was to be of the center floor shift type, with four forward gears and overdrive. After weeks of hard labor on the engine he decided to attach it to a battery and listen to it. When he did so, he found that the timing was off. This he quickly adjusted.

Next, Barnaby labored on the body and interior, which he soon had looking as good as it did the day the car came out of the factory. The following day, he decided that since all that was to be done was finished, he would test drive his custom Duesenberg. Barnaby was devoted to his machine, and he stood by his motto, "You can only get out of a machine what you put into it."

Now the time has come. The car started off smoothly. As Barnaby put it through the gears, his "Duese's" speedometer jumped from 0 to 100 miles per —

hour in 13 seconds. The car developed 400 horsepower at 4750 revolutions per minute.

Barnaby wanted to see how well the car would work on cornering so he took it up the steep hill where Devil's curve lay ahead. Missing the curve meant a 500-foot drop to the rocky bottom. But Barnaby was sure that he would make the turn, because he had made it so many times before. The trick was to keep your foot on the brake until you were about twenty feet from the bottom, then turn sharply and accelerate.

Barnaby was three-quarters of the way down the hill when he heard a sharp bang. The master cylinder which housed the hydraulic brake fluid, which he somehow had overlooked, had cracked at that instant, and the brakes failed.

Charles Jekofsky, 326-3

Always No Tears

The child next door was killed out in the street today.
She was a happy imp with long blond hair.
But now no tears, no empathetic sorrow.
I cannot mourn her now that she is gone.

And when the ambulance had gone, the weeping mother
And the grieving neighbors passed by me.
But cool, detached, unable to weep with them,
I turned away to hide my hollowness.

And will it always be like this, I wonder?
Will human pity never pierce my heart?
Always no tears no natural human feeling?
No soul in all the world so poor as mine.

Betsy Hine, 310-3

THE PHOENIX

We are going for a walk, little child. The country is splendid today. Even the little animals that live in the ground come to look at the day. Yes, it is a fine day, and we shall walk. You are young, little child, and I am old and this day that we see is between you and me. Today we are one. Today we shall walk on some road and watch the trees and the skies and we shall be one. And today, if you are good I shall tell you a story. No, you will not need a jacket, for the sun shines everlastingly bright today and if you should chill, I will put my wrap about you. Come, let us go and feel the day's glory.

Do not walk too fast, little child, for although we know we are the same age today, my body pays no mind. Walk by me and we shall take the beauty together. Oh, this is such beauty and beauty is rare. Take my hand. Little child, this is glory, and glory comes not often. Too few understand this and today, my friend, I think you will know this.

You see, over there, where the earth ends and small houses arise from the land. That is Rià. It is a quiet place and one of beauty also. Long ago when I was just older than you, little child, I lived there. In the earliest part of the morning I would arise just to see the sun. Such colors I have never seen since--perhaps I make them more grand than they were, but that is the privilege of age. And every morning when I arose I would see just one other who loved the sun as much as I. He was older, by a few years perhaps, and he would sit and watch the rising, and he would write. Once, when I came near, he showed some of his verse to me and they seemed not words but love pictures. He would write of the sun and of the fields and of glory. I am now sorry that I did not see his writings more, for they were delicate and related only beauty.

You see, little child, how I slip back. I say, "I am sorry I did not." That is a vice of old men. I should merely say, "I did not." There should be no remorse, for you see, little child, I knew him and that was enough.

He would have enjoyed this day. Breathe once and smell the air. Hah! It surprises you. I too had forgotten how pleasant air might be. Taste it now. Yes, you can taste it. It is delicious. Of this day he has written. I had almost forgotten that days like this still are. The time I read his verse he had begun to write of this day. He longed for these days, and it is too much a pity he is not here.

He had just come to Rià at the time I had. The first day I saw him, and each early morning after it was enjoyment to watch him. Too soon though, my little child, the pox invaded Rià. Yes, my little child, it also came to me, but not with great force. I knew little discomfort from it, but on others it strongly descended. The entire village developed the pox, and the worry was great. But soon, after I had recovered, I returned again to watch my sun. I was not surprised to see him there as I was, for it seemed to me that he belonged with the sun--inseparable lovers, my little child. The pox had not struck him, but this I did not know.

One evening, near to the time I slept, I heard the sounds of a crowd by my home. With great curiosity I walked into the street. My little child, never should you see such a thing. A fire had been kindled, and men with angry eyes stared into it. Their faces were scarred heavily from the pox and just to look at them made me afraid. I heard them talk of him. They were enraged that all but him should have the pox. My little child, men act strangely at times and do what in other times they would not. The fire danced in their eyes and their faces assumed evil masks. They said that it was he, the intruder, who had brought all to Rià. These were not evil men, my little child, nor were they void

of knowledge. But to them it was wrong that they who worked the earth should die and become crippled while he who merely enjoyed it should retain all that was his. From a torch, my little child, they set ablaze the small house in which he lived. The flames spread quickly, and horrible lights were cast on those people's faces. Women were laughing hysterically and the house blazed. I was deeply frightened but started toward the flames until someone pulled me back. My little child, you cannot imagine the horror that filled me. In those great flames I could see waves of heat arise and in them saw the fury of the sun. But too, I saw the fields and the trees and something of beauty. I hid my face. And from that home he did not come. He was in there, I knew, but he stayed. For an instant I thought I heard a brief cry, but when I looked to other faces, I saw that they heard nothing. I looked to the rising flames again, and this time I saw the beauty of some everlasting tableau. I stayed there, my little child, until the fire extinguished itself, and when the remains had cooled, I walked over them. I was amazed to find a paper only slightly browned from the fire, and on it was inscribed the verse that he had written the day he spoke to me. The people were not happy, little child. Their desires had been fulfilled, but they cried.

Ah, this is a glory day and the sun is brilliant. Perhaps we should now return; your father may be growing anxious. When there is another day like this--and it will not be soon, for they are rare--we shall take another walk. Out here again, if you like. I come here rarely, my little child.

Stephen Silverman 212-4

I HAD A FRIEND

I had a friend.
An idealist was he
who pursued his goal with fevocity.
The more I watched
The more appalled I became,
For in pursuing his goal
He lost his aim.

Anne Minninberg 112-3

National First Prize Winner Scholastic Contest

The Runaways by George Schor

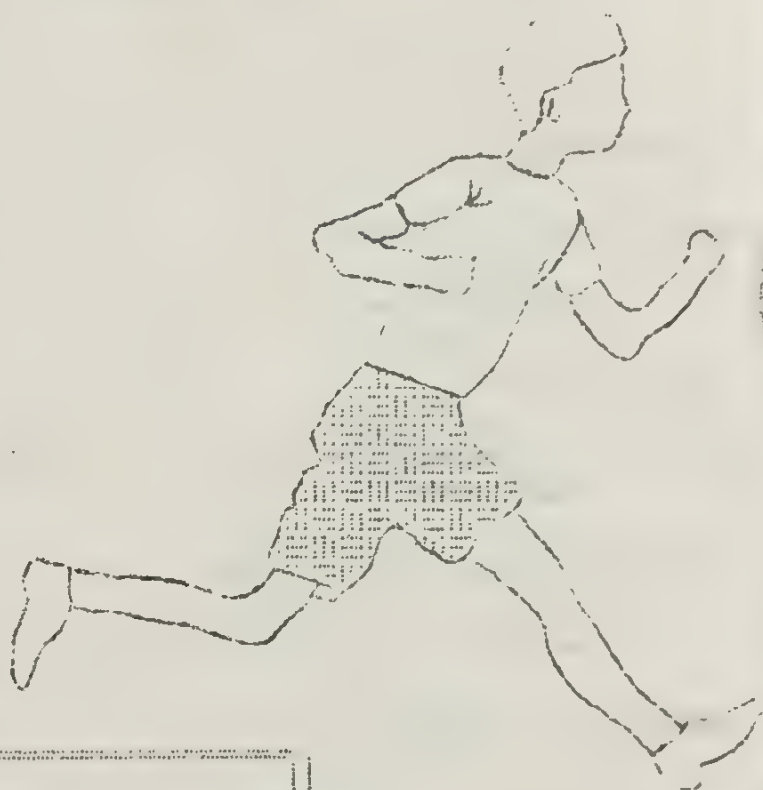
Characters

Jack, a boy of seventeen
Eddie, his brother, age
thirteen

Ben, a boy of Jack's age
Escaped Reformatory Inmate,
a youth of nineteen

Two Policemen

The Old Man, Jack and Eddie's
father



Time: The present, about eight-thirty at night.

Setting: A small clearing in a wooded area. The opening curtain reveals Jack and Eddie huddled close together near a small fire. Around them is dense shrubbery and brush. A few bare trees are also visible in the background.

The Runaways

- Jack: Why don't you stop complaining? That's all I've heard all day. (Imitating his brother) I'm cold. We should have waited for warmer weather. We should have brought warmer clothing. (Resuming a testy tone) You're acting just like a baby. I didn't twist your arm; you made up your own mind. Even you said he needs a lesson. Remember, those were your words. You're always talking about how he doesn't appreciate us. (Comfortingly) Don't worry, Ben will be here any minute. He's a real pal; he won't let me down.
- Eddie: I know, but you said we'd only be here a couple of hours. We might be here all night. Suppose it rains or snows? How long do you think this measly fire is going to last? Let's go home.
- Jack: WHAT! We'd really get the riot act. He wouldn't let us out for a year. He'd ship us off to military school. He wouldn't give us a dime. No sir, you can go. I'm going to see it through. Go ahead if you want to. (Starts to push his brother) Just make sure you don't tell him where I am. I should have known you're a baby.
- Eddie: Aw, Jack, I think he's suffered enough.
- Jack: He's suffered? Maybe you're too cold to remember the way he uses that strap. Think about it; it'll warm you up a bit. Think about that bowl of soup he threw; does it make you feel any warmer?
- Eddie: I know.
- Jack: (Building) You know...you know...you know! Then why do you want to quit now?
- Eddie: You know the old man has things on his mind. You know he really worries about us...especially since Mom died. Why don't you try to see it his way once in a while? I think he really cares for us.
- Jack: So I'm being rough on him! He's been mean to me since I can remember. Remember he said he'd let me drive when I'm sixteen? Well, what happened? Nothing. Just like everything he says. He said he'd give me a dollar for every "A" I made. Did he ever do it?
- Eddie: Well you didn't get any "A's".

Jack: Why should I bother? He wouldn't have kept his word anyway. I know him. I've known him much longer than you have....seventeen years...that's plenty long.

Eddie: He's certainly taking a long time finding us.

Jack: Sounds to me as though you'd like the old man to be here right now. I guess you don't mind having a bowl of soup heaved at you.

Eddie: He threw it at you.

Jack: Well, you got some of it too. I guess you really like the old man; I guess you really are his baby. You can do no wrong, and I can do no right. Even when you're wrong it's still my fault.

Eddie: Stop putting it on.

Jack: (Voice rising) What about last week when you banged your finger with the hammer? I didn't have a thing to do with it. I wasn't even near you; I was watching TV. He comes tearing down the steps, sees you screaming and hits me.

Eddie: That wasn't the reason he hit you.

Jack: (Menacingly) What was the reason he hit me?

Eddie: You know as well as I do. (Reconsiders) Oh, forget it. I'm going to get some more wood for this fire. (Eddie walks away from Jack and begins to gather twigs.)

Jack: (Calling after him) You don't need any more wood. Just stick close to me.

Eddie: (Starts to run towards Jack) Hey, somebody's coming!

Jack: (Stands up and taking Eddie's hand starts toward the bushes) Don't panic. it's probably Ben.

Ben: (Enters the stage with a bag of groceries and approaches the fire calling softly) Jack. Eddie. Where are you?
(Both boys return to the fire and start to talk at the same time.)

Jack: Why did it take you so long? What did you hear?

Eddie: Have you seen my father? What did you bring us to eat?

Ben: You're really in a jam. The school called your father at work when you didn't show up. About eleven o'clock Ames went on the public address and said that anyone who had information as to your whereabouts was to report to the office immediately.

Jack: What happened?

Ben: How should I know? Did you want me to go down there and tell them? I'm in trouble already as it is.

Eddie: Sure, but you said we would be out here for four or five hours, build a fire, eat dinner, and go home after Dad had a chance to worry a bit. He's had all day to worry; let's go home.

Jack: Let's give him a little more time.

Eddie: I didn't think he'd get the police after us. I don't think this is going to work. If the police catch us, the only thing we'll get from him is the razor strap.

Jack: Maybe he would use that on you but he wouldn't have the nerve to hit me with a strap. (Eeasingly) He wouldn't lay a hand on me. Anyway I can handle him.

Eddie: You'd hit Dad?

Jack: Why not? I'm not a kid anymore.

Eddie: You wouldn't dare hit him.

Jack: You've never seen me when I get mad. If Ben was here, he'd tell you what I did to the Bailey kid the other day at school.

Eddie: You mean Chip?

Jack: No, not him, he's too small. Dan, Dan Bailey. He's a head taller than me too. And he has a good reach. I got in close, just like Dad taught me. He would have murdered me if I stayed on the outside. (Jack stands up and makes motions as if he's fighting.) I got up close and hit him around the face about twenty times, I guess. He was giving me a good working over too. I couldn't feel it though. The only thing I could think of was I could beat him, and I did.

Eddie: Is that why you were at detention yesterday?

Jack: That's right, but it didn't bother me because sitting across the room was Bailey.

(Eddie laughs delightedly.)

Jack: (Changing the subject) Well, let's cook something. (Jack rummages through the bag again and pulls out a can of spaghetti. Then he removes a frying pan and plates, etc., from a duffel bag near the campfire.) First time we've used this camping equipment in years. We used to take it with us when we went on picnics. You were too young to remember but we would go into the park on Sunday and spend the whole day there. Dad and I would make boats out of twigs and paper. Mom would watch you and cook hamburgers or hot dogs. Sometimes Ben and his family would come along and we would play baseball.

Eddie: (Regretfully) I don't remember that.

Jack: You were too young.

Eddie: I remember things when I was one year old.

Jack: Like what?

Eddie: I remember how I once fell down the basement stairs and Mom came running after me.. I remember...

Jack: That's right...you had to go to the Doctor. I was having my birthday the same day. Everybody was sitting around the dining room table. Dad was there and he brought me a fire engine. All my friends were there and we were about to cut the cake. Mom asked me if I knew where you were. Suddenly we heard you fall down the stairs and then you started crying. We all ran to the top of the basement stairs and there you were with a big bump on your head. Dad took all my friends home and Mom took you to the doctor.

Eddie: See, I remember.

Jack: I was mad. Mom thought I was crying because of you. I was crying because you had busted up my party..

Eddie: Somebody's coming. (Eddie gets up and goes toward a clump of bushes.)

Jack: (Whispering) Can you see who it is?

Eddie: No. (Eddie peers into the dense shrubbery and a large boy emerges. He is about nineteen years old and is wearing a dirty sweatshirt and a pair of levis. Across the sweatshirt are the letters GRANGER.)

Escapee: What are you looking at, punk? (He pushes Eddie out of his way and walks toward the fire.) What have we got here? (He picks up the grocery bag and dumps its contents on the ground.) Grub! I'm starved! Real nice of you to invite me to the party. (He sits down beside the fire and proceeds to puncture open the can of spaghetti with a large knife. Jack moves away from the fire towards his brother.

Eddie: (Whispering to Jack) Do you think he's a tramp?

Jack: No, he's not old enough.

Eddie: Maybe he's a looney.

Jack: See that sweatshirt he's wearing. He's from Granger Reformatory.

Escapee: That's right punks, Granger. Good old Granger U, the home to end all broken homes.

Jack: What did they put you in Granger for?

Escapee: I relieved an old lady of her heavy pocketbook. (A long pause) If you gotta know, (Escapee holds knife up in view) I whittled my old man down to size.

Eddie: You mean you killed him?

Escapee: Nah! But I did a pretty good job.

Eddie: Why did you do it?

Escapee: I got sick of his nagging. He was always nagging me to get a job. He said he was tired of feeding me for free. He called me all kinds of names. One night he locked me out of the house. When he came out on the porch the next morning I let him have it. They sewed him up in the hospital.

Eddie: Suppose you'd killed him?

Escapee: So what? What did the bum ever do for me anyway? Always picking on me, never letting me be.

Jack: Did you escape from Granger?

Escapee: Two nights ago. (He picks up knife and walks over to the brothers. He holds knife next to Eddie's face and waves it menacingly.) And you haven't seen me either, just in case you're asked.

Jack: Sure, you can trust us. But aren't the cops after you?

Escapee: They probably figured I went back home, but I crossed them up and and stayed right here. (He returns to the fire and pours can of spaghetti into a frying pan and continues to talk.) Hey, what are you guys, a couple of Boy Scouts? Where's the rest of the troop?

Jack: Well, we're sort of escaping too.

Escapee: Yeah? What's your alma matter?

Jack: We don't have an alma matter; we've got an old man.

Escapee: I'd never run away from my old man. That's just what he'd like me to do. (Pause) What did your old man do?

Jack: It isn't what he did; it's what he hasn't done.

Escapee: Don't give me the doubletalk. He must have done something to you. (Escapee stirs spaghetti with his knife.)

Eddie: It's none of your business. (Escapee rises, walks over to Eddie pushes him so that he rolls over in the grass. He holds knife just above Eddie's throat.)

Escapee: Don't speak to your elders that way, sonny. (Escapee withdraws to the fire and continues to stir spaghetti. Jack dusts off his brother.)

Eddie: (Whimpering) Are you going to let him get away with that? He's only a big bully. Go after him like you did that Bailey kid. Come on, I'll help you.

Jack: We haven't got a chance. He has a knife. If he didn't have that knife, I'd take him myself.

Escapee: (He begins to eat the spaghetti with his knife.) Say you didn't tell me what your old man did to you?

Jack (Embarrassed). He wouldn't let me drive.

Escapee: (Bursts into loud laughter) He wouldn't let you drive. So you took your Boy Scout kit and left. He's probably saying good riddance. Good riddance to a couple of little punks.
(Escapee continues to eat in silence until he has emptied the frying pan. He puts down the pan and lays his knife in the pan). Where's the rest of the grub?

Eddie: You've eaten everything. Now why don't you go away and leave us alone?

Escapee: (To Jack) Well your father wouldn't let you drive. But what about this creep? (Points to Eddie) What's he doing here?

Jack: He goes wherever I go.

Eddie: Why don't you go away and leave us alone now? (Escapee turns around and glares at him.) We won't tell anyone we saw you.

Escapee: (To Jack) If you're the boss of the outfit you'd better shut him up or I will. (Escapee turns his back on the brothers.)

Eddie: (Whispering) If I get that knife will you take him?

Jack: (Whispering) Don't try it ...forget it.

Eddie: I'll get it. (Eddie crawls behind Escapee and suddenly kicks the pan and sends the knife out of the Escapee's reach.) Get him! Get him, Jack, just like you said you would. He hasn't got the knife.

(Jack stands indecisively for a moment and then lunges at his more powerful adversary. Both boys scramble and roll about the stage. Jack puts up a good fight initially but soon the Escapee is sitting on him and beating him with his fists. Eddie picks up the frying pan and throws it at the Escapee. Escapee yells and starts to run after Eddie. Suddenly he stops dead in his tracks, does an about face and runs into the woods. Two policemen emerge from the bushes with lighted flashlights. Jack and Eddie conceal themselves in the foliage at their respective hiding places. The two policemen begin to pursue the Escapee shouting, "Halt and Stop!" After the police leave, Jack and Eddie come back to the center of the stage)

Eddie: Ben was right. The police are after us.

Jack: Let's get out of here. They'll be back. (The brothers begin to pick up the scattered equipment. Suddenly a red flashlight shines on both the boys. Carrying the flashlight is the boys' father)

THE OLD MAN: Jack. Eddie. (Both boys immediately jump out of the line of light.)

Jack: Ben must have told him where we were! I'll get him.

Eddie: It wasn't Ben's fault. He would have found us.

Jack: Oh, so you're sticking up for him?

Eddie: It wasn't Ben's fault; he would have found us.

Jack: Then whose fault was it...mine?

Eddie: No, it was ours.

Jack: Just remember, I didn't ask you along. You came by yourself. You knew what you were getting into.

Eddie: I thought you agreed it was our fault.

THE OLD MAN: Jack. Eddie. (Eddie is very upset and doesn't know where to turn)

Eddie: If you hadn't failed every subject, Dad would have let you drive! It's all your fault. (Eddie runs toward the red flashlight and the direction of his father's voice) Dad!! Dad!

Jack: (Shouting after him) You're no better than Ben. You traitor! (To himself) So the old man won't let me drive just on account of a couple of "F's". What a dirty deal! (He kicks at the fire) The next time I'll go it alone and for good. (His father and Eddie come up to him)

THE OLD MAN: (Very gently) Hello son, let's go home. (Jack lowers his head and begins to cry as the curtain falls)

Poetic Parrying

Not knowing the answer, an anonymous student offered this substitute:

We sent up on the fifth of May
An astronaut in Freedom Seven.
Our country claimed a noted day
As Shepard saw the skies of heaven.

M.W.S.

Knowing the answer, an identifiable teacher replied!

The mental gap,
And not the missile
Will likely cause
Your mark to fizzle.

H.H.W.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE HUNT

It was the day before the day before Christmas, and all through our house, there was a flurry and stirring, though fortunately not of mice. We were about to set out to select a Christmas tree. Not just any tree, mind you, but the tree--the one that would lend an air of holiday gaiety and spirit to our living room, and without which all other decor would be incomplete.

Accordingly, my father[?] and I set out in the afternoon to inspect the various wares of the tree vendors--to select just the right tree and return triumphantly home. We did not expect to encounter much difficulty or to consume much time in the process, but neither did fate expect what we expected as we drove up to the first lot. I was duly chosen to head a delegation consisting of myself to examine the stocks more closely. That I did, and the more closely I looked, the more my enthusiasm seemed to cool in the cold winter wind that ruffled scrawny trees and fat price tags. Holiday commercialism suffered a defeat as we rode away in search of better looking trees and terms.

Our next stop was at a friendly and cheerful establishment known as Chambers and Company. In a lot adjoining their building, or so my father explained to me, these kindly gentlemen were wont to sponsor an annual Christmas tree sale. With newly-regained eagerness, I could hardly wait to go in and emerge victoriously with the tree. Surely these good-natured gentlemen, overflowing with cheerfulness and Christmas spirit, would offer us the most considerate terms. A look inside the lot was a rude awakening. A cluster of skinny, decrepit trees were huddled together in a corner, like a group of old spinsters at a gossip-session. I shouldn't wonder if

they did have something to gossip about, for, by the looks of mountains of needles and broken branches on the ground, the sight of customers trying to remove trees as rapidly as they apparently were must have been quite a spectacle. I remain ignorant as to whether the friendly, spiritual natures of these good gentlemen or their friendly terms appealed most to customers.

Stymied by a victory of commercialism, we decided, as a last resort, to try the Florida Avenue Market. Here, if anywhere, would we find acceptable trees and terms. The establishment was impressively huge. At one time, I believe, I thought everyone in the city must have been so infected with the spirit of the season as to go out and dispense their good cheer in the forms of trees, wreaths, and assorted decorations.

"How much do you want for this one?" asked my father abruptly. But the attendant did not know and had to check with someone else. It seemed that wherever we would go, someone always had to inquire of someone else, and for this as well as for selling trees, they were apparently paid a salary. But the tree was too high and so was the price.

"You'll be selling these Christmas Eve for fifty cents!" was my father's gloomy prophecy. But the attendant was adamant: "Seven dollars."

So we inspected various other lots. However, the prices displayed an alarming tendency to stay high, as if frozen in that position by the bitter cold. Moreover, it became increasingly apparent that we would have to compromise more on the qualities of the tree, for no such balsam laden with the virtues we desired could be found. "Cedar, mister?" But we did not want cedar, thank you, and no spruced-up spruce either. Our tree would have to be better than that.

But the day waned and the cold wind waxed until I began to wonder privately if such a tree was worth all the difficulty involved. Was the tree really so important after all, I thought, as I saw small children huddled together over small fires--freezing, but determined to help their parents augment their apparently meager income by selling trees.

Finally, coming to one of many private lots, I decided, with the help of my chattering teeth and mental misgivings, that this would have to be it.

"Balsams?" asked a shivering attendant. "Yes, we have balsams!" And I was conducted to where they lay.

"This one," said I, "is almost right, if only it were a little fuller."

"Oh, it's full, all right!" said the dealer, who promptly illustrated his point by seizing the tree's midriff, and proceeding to give it several terrific thumps on its bottom end. Its limbs flew wildly in all directions, like those of a person who has been rudely evacuated from his seat.

"You take it inside, and it will fill out," said the eager dealer, who attempted to hasten the process a bit by pushing the poor tree's limbs down so far that I had to wince.

"I'll take it!" I said, and almost added, "Before you tear it apart!"

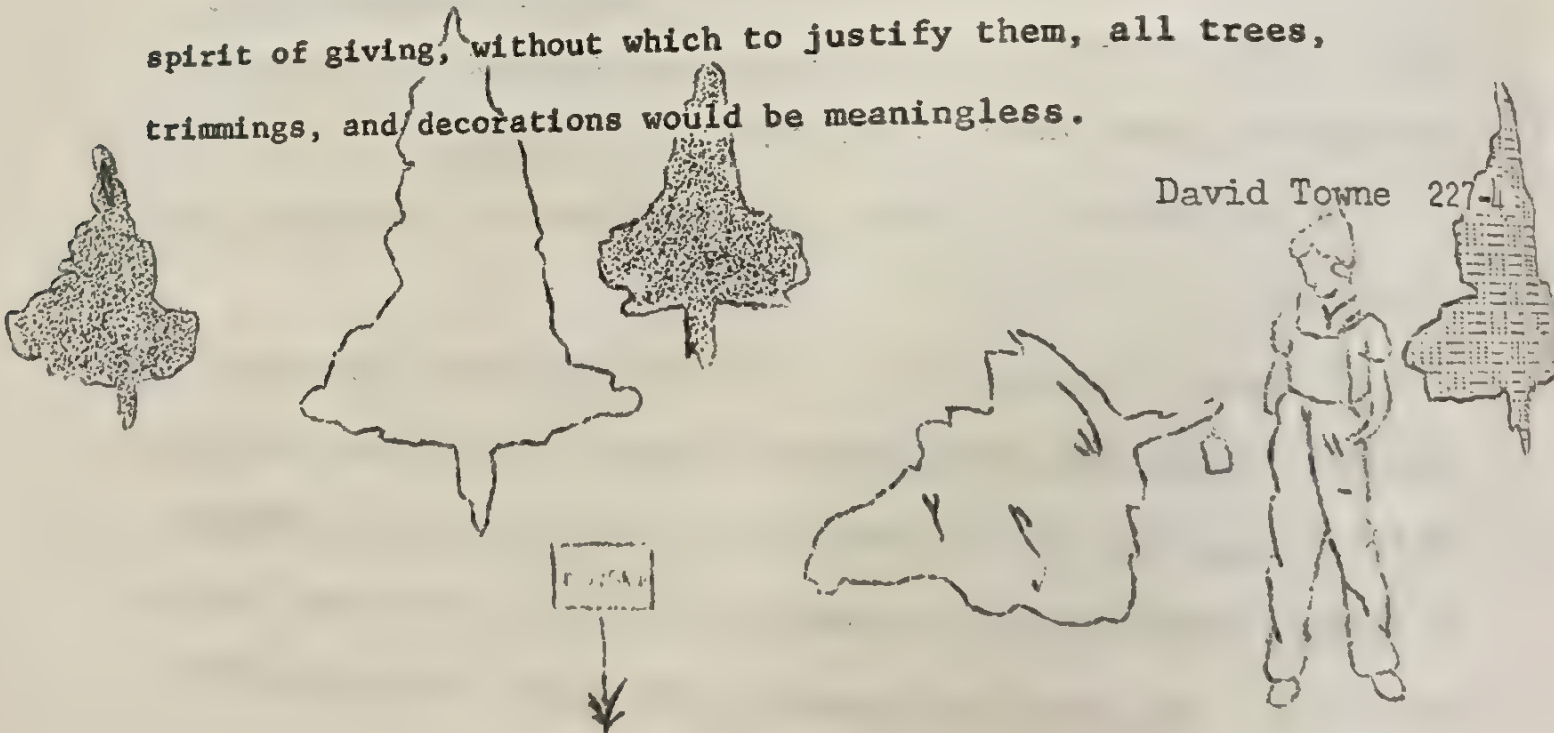
The money changed hands, and so did the tree, which had meanwhile drawn its limbs together again, as if it too, was chilly, or as if such disorderly array was not befitting of its dignity. My father toted the tree to the car, put it in the trunk, and we drove home. The tree was placed in the house, where the thawing

warmth proceeded to "fill it out". The only difficulty was that our tree, apparently overly anxious to please us, didn't stop filling out--it passed the stage where its appearance might tend to remind one of a cherub, and entered well into the stage where one could only glance at it and think of Falstaff.

Then I remembered I had forgotten something. I had thought, just before leaving for our car, that it was certainly too bad we couldn't buy anything from "those other folks." I was referring to a group of vendors, obviously a family, to whom I had promised to return. Somehow, the sight of their little boy throwing small tree scraps on a pitifully small fire, and looking as cold as the proverbial earless monkey, warmed my heart, even on that coldest of days. Straightaway, I found myself returning to their lot and purchasing a holly wreath. It was a very unimpressive wreath, just like any other, but the warmth and gratitude I received in return far outweighed any material considerations of appearance.

So we acquired our long-awaited tree. But more important, I believe, we acquired something of the spirit of the season--the spirit of giving, without which to justify them, all trees, trimmings, and decorations would be meaningless.

David Towne 227-1



FARAWAY PLACES

The revolving glass door directed me into a quaint book and art shop. As I browsed in the front of the shop a small aisle enticed me to the rear, where a sign mounted on an easel read "Our Travel Agency Will Be Open in Three Weeks."

It was then that my eyes focused on the colorful posters of strange and far-away lands that hung on the wall. They seemed almost alive with movement and with foreign intrigue. . . .

The Norwegian fisherman beckoned me aboard, and in a moment I found myself gliding into one of the fjords of Norway. Mountains on either side rose in snowy peaks, only to roll gently down into lush green valleys, where boys and girls danced gaily in bright native costumes.

But here I could not stay long, for a small-footed girl with shiny black hair wound tightly atop her head was talking rapidly and motioning excitedly with a paper fan. I could not understand her strange language, but I soon "caught on" to her gestures, and realized we would have to run in order to catch the jinrikisha for our ride through Peiping. Small yellow children with almond-shaped eyes stretched out their hands for pennies as we passed.

I was tired now and welcomed the mustachioed Frenchman who offered me a ride down the River Seine. The flowing water carried us through the heart of Paris, where I viewed the Sorbonne and famous Luxembourg Gardens. When the quiet

beauty of the Cathedral of Notre Dame perfected the evening stillness, I felt a wonderful calm.

But my dreamful bliss was interrupted by a high-pitched squeaky voice. "May I help you?"

"No thank you, ma'am. I'm just looking."

Sally Massey, 326-3

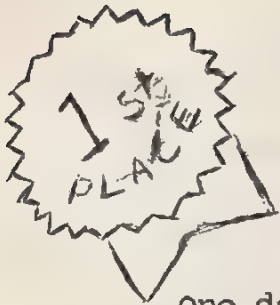
TOO BIG

All eyes watched attentively as I imperiously stalked up the steps. So this is Blessed Martin School, I thought. It won't take me long to take over here. As I reached the head of the stairs, I turned to survey the line of children before me. No, it won't take long at all for a person of my experience. Here I am in the third grade with four different schools under my belt.

One boy poked his neighbor and, pointing at me, began to laugh. "Look, Bud," I sneered, grabbing him roughly by the shirt collar, "I don't want no trouble out of you!" When I released him, he fell against the wall dumfounded. "Boys!" I muttered, "They're always the hardest to convince. They can't seem to get it through their heads that I'm twice as tough as they are. Oh well, they'll learn."

The bell rang, and I proceeded with the other children down the hall. At the door of the room they entered was a saintly-looking nun. As the children passed by, she nodded her head and smiled. Standing there with her hands folded inside her sleeves, she looked like a shepherd counting her lambs. I gave her my most innocent smile when I entered. Oh yes, I would do a fine job here.

Gretta Lee, 304-2



WHAT JOHNNY HAD

One day in 1946, a cute, blue-eyed, brown-haired boy of four years came in from play with chills and a high fever. What Johnny had that day could have been fatal had he not been admitted to Walter Reed Hospital. Luck was with him, however, and Johnny's illness started a chain of events which led to medical discoveries hitherto unknown.

What seemed to be an infection in his knee joint was found actually to be blood poisoning caused by the bacteria "pneumococcus." When penicillin was administered, he responded and returned home. Within two weeks he came back to the hospital with the same serious symptoms of blood stream infection. This time Johnny was treated longer with penicillin and again released. Within four years, this boy had nineteen of these recurring infections and subsequent treatments. Penicillin was the only thing that saved his life.

Antibiotics would quell Johnny's infections for a while, but they would eventually recur and he would have to return to the hospital. When he reached school age he would start off in the morning appearing well. But later the teacher would call his mother, reporting that he was having chills and a fever. It became a common event for his parents to bring him from school directly to the hospital when these indications occurred.

A regular program was made out for him, and Johnny was treated as an out patient.

During each admission for an infection, cultures were taken. The pneumococcus bacteria was recovered from his blood stream on ten different occasions.

On the third admission he underwent a thorough examination of each body system, to look for a possible focus of the infection. This included examinations of his skull, lungs, ears, nose, and throat, X-rays of sinuses and teeth, a spinal tap and studies of his blood chemistry. It was all in vain; there was still no clue to what Johnny had.

Johnny seemed to be perfectly normal except for these severe infections, invariably caused by the same pneumococcus bacteria. The case remained a mystery to all consultants reviewing it.

Since Johnny's first illnesses were caused by the same type of pneumococcus, the doctors felt that because this type of organism always caused the repeated infections, Johnny was not able to manufacture antibodies for that specific organism. Hence the pneumococcus was recovered from his blood and made into a vaccine, which was administered over a period of five months. Johnny not only built no antibodies against this type of pneumococcus, but began to have infections from other types of it.

Five other types were recovered, made into vaccines administered for a long period, but produced no results. Even with commercial vaccines he manufactured no antibodies against pneumococcus. This raised the question, "Was there also a defect in his system that prevented his building of antibodies against organisms other than this one?"

To find out if this was true, Johnny was given a Schick test to determine his susceptibility to diphtheria. The test registered positive, showing that he was unable to build diphtheria antibodies. To study further, he was given typhoid vaccine with the same results--no antibodies.

Just what are these elusive substances that Johnny's system lacked? Antibodies are protein substances that the body develops as a reaction and resistance to the presence of another protein. If the latter is a germ, the resulting antibodies are specific for that organism, thereby preventing the disease it causes.

In gamma globulin, one of the protein fractions composing blood serum, are contained these vital antibodies.

A study of the blood protein proved that although his blood was otherwise normal, Johnny had no gamma globulin, and therefore no antibodies against bacterial diseases, like typhoid and diphtheria. Four years after his first admission, and following many recurring infections and repeated observations, it at last became apparent what Johnny had.

The doctors had studied, consulted, examined and restudied, to find that ray of light that illuminated the dark way to a cure for Johnny's illness. For four years they had relentlessly searched for that gleam, and when it was found, it shone with great brilliance. Not only had a cure been found, but an entirely new disease was discovered.

This new disease was called "agammaglobulinemia"--or, without gamma globulin in the blood stream. At this point the treatment seemed obvious. Give the boy gamma globulin. This was done and his infections ceased.

Why hadn't this disease been recognized before? Because prior to the era of antibiotics, all patients with the disease had died.

For the past ten years, Johnny has received monthly gamma globulin shots of considerable quantity. Although his gamma globulin is never raised to the normal level, it is sufficiently increased to prevent the infections from recurring.

When he was a small boy, he was resistant, as all young boys are, to these monthly sessions, but has now come to accept them as a natural process, and has seemingly grown insensitive to needles.

Johnny is now eighteen years old, an honors high school graduate, and a freshman in a leading university. It is obvious he would not have survived without the administration of gamma globulin.

Johnny's parents have accepted his condition intelligently and understandingly. Neither they nor his one sister have any evidence of this disease, nor does the family history suggest that it could be hereditary.

Soon after Johnny's disease was successfully diagnosed and treated, other cases were reported all over the United States. As a result of his case, much investigative work is being done in medical centers, and the case has stimulated research in immunology and the mechanisms of human resistance.

Plasma cells, the main source of gamma globulin production, have been found to be low or completely absent in agammaglobulinemic patients, and they do not increase even when the patients are given bacterial vaccines, as do a normal person's. Some have infections from bacteria other than the pneumococcus.

A fascinating and valuable fact has been revealed by research. Patients with agammaglobulinemia will accept skin grafts from other people, while normal persons reject any grafts other than their own skin. Many studies are being made in this area to determine if and how one could be made temporarily agammaglobulinemic for a skin graft or for the transplanting of an organ.

If a method could be found to control temporarily the body's immunological mechanisms, it could be the answer to curbing such

diseases as are caused by an abnormal immunological response. Arthritis is one of many like this.

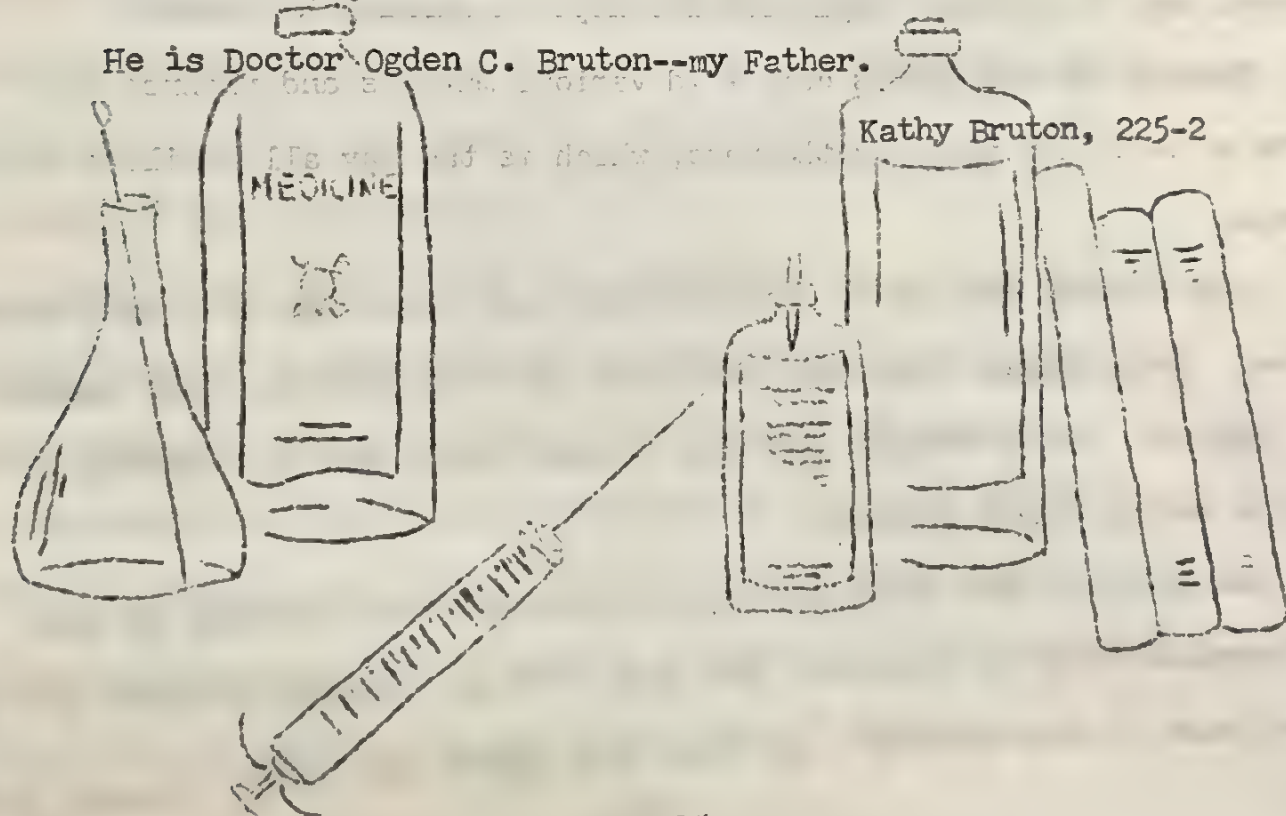
Fortunately, agammaglobulinemia is uncommon. In our country, reports have been made of low gamma globulin as manifestations of other diseases, which therefore make it appear more common here. In England, however, because definite criteria for diagnosis must be met, only fifty cases have been reported, or one per million population. Based on this, there would be one hundred seventy-five cases in the United States.

From the numerical standpoint, this disease itself is not very important, but its many implications make it extremely significant as well as interesting from the standpoint of medical science.

Who is the man who was responsible for the discovery of this disease? Who, with his diligent work and endless study saved this boy and subsequently others like him? Though this contribution to medicine may be considered relatively insignificant in itself, it has tremendous implications, for it has paved the way for new roads through the winding paths of medicine.

Who is this great man?

He is Doctor Ogden C. Bruton--my Father.



ONCE UPON A HEATH
OR
SOMETHING WAS ROTTEN IN SCOTLAND, TOO

Once upon a heath two brave and noble generals (one of whom later proved not to be so brave and noble) met three rather homely ladies who were really witches left over from Halloween. One of these ladies thought of herself as a cat; another one thought of herself as a toad; the third didn't think of herself as anything, and therefore must have been considered somewhat of a social misfit among witches.

The girls were full of little surprises. They hailed Macbeth as thane of Cawdor, and King hereafter (after what?). Banquo, the other brave general, was told he would beget kings.

Macbeth was very enthusiastic over the witches' prophecy; so when King Duncan came to the Macbeth castle uninvited, Macbeth proceeded with the bloody dagger routine (a lesson to all uninvited guests).

The Macbeths are then crowned king and queen of Scotland. Both the Macbeths seemed a trifle unbalanced. He had a fondness for murder, and she enjoyed washing her hands. Since Scotland lacked any good psychiatrist, Macbeth kept on killing people and she kept on washing her hands.

Macbeth and his missus committed various murders and planned all sorts of evil, but with togetherness, which is the way all families should do things.

Lady Macbeth soon died. Macbeth died soon after but in a more violent manner. Nevertheless they were both dead (as were several other people).

Malcolm, son of Duncan, was then crowned King, and the country settled back to making Scotch whiskey.

The moral of this story is: if you ever see three witches on some God-forsaken heath in Scotland, just say, "I'm an American citizen and we import most of your whiskey", and they will leave you alone.

George Snowden
218-4

A MIDSUMMER BONUS

Our own canoe was in need of repair, so it was a neighbor's canoe we used to go to pick the wineberries. The Deises, who lived a short way down the road from us, owned a beautiful aluminum one which they were always willing to let us use. When we returned it, with our thanks, and showed Mrs. Deis the six quarts of berries we had picked, the old woman laughed lightly and said, "Well, at least the trip was worth-while."

As we walked back to our own house I thought, yes, the trip was worth-while, but not because of the berries. As we paddled upstream we spotted a brightly colored turtle and resolved to capture it for little Sandy to play with. It was placidly sunning itself on the mud bank and we glided carefully and quietly toward it to avoid frightening it. We were almost in the perfect position for the capture when the current caught our bow and pulled us back out into the middle of the stream. Patiently we moved carefully back into position, dug our paddles into the mud; then a quick grab landed the turtle in the middle of the canoe. Later, on our return trip, we released it, right there on the same mud-bank where it had been captured.

It was rather noisy, paddling against the current and we frightened up half a dozen herons at every bend in the river. With a splash the long-legged birds took flight and we could hear the beating of their wings, although we sometimes couldn't see them because of the heavy foliage. At one place a pair of red-winged blackbirds took flight and we caught a fleeting glimpse of the brilliant spot of red and yellow on each wing.

We paddled fairly smoothly and easily upstream for a while; then as we rounded a bend in the river the smoothness of the water was broken by a hundred shining splashes and we had to fight to move through the rapids. We both dug in our paddles, sometimes even sinking them deep into the mud to navigate a particularly rough place. Then the river widened and deepened and the waters were again placid.

Under the willow boughs we glided, then out into the brilliant sunshine, then back into the shade and darkness of the trees. Around snags we went, under a dead tree overhanging here, scraping over a rock there. The turtles, dozens of them on every rock and log, stuck up their heads and wondered what sort of foolish beings we were to be working so hard on such a drowsy day.^e We saw a shiny black snake draped gracefully over a partially submerged log, basking in the hot sunlight.

Darning needles drifted lazily over the water, lighting gracefully for a moment on our canoe, then gliding on, their wings shimmering silver and blue and purple in the sun.

Just before we arrived at the berry patch, we passed the old mill. To turn the huge mill wheel a canal had been dug to divert some of the water from the river. Now the wheel, after decades of no use, was broken and rotting. The water that didn't dribble slowly over it lay in a stagnant pool in the canal. A century before, when the mill had first been built, it had been busy almost the year round. However, several years afterward, a new mill had been built in the city and the old one closed down. The ruins might have appeared depressing, had it not been for the summer sun, which poured a glorious brilliance over everything.

We picked our berries, then lazily drifted downstream, paddling

only when it was necessary to avoid a snag or sandbar and, for the most part, using only the stern paddle as a rudder.

Silently we glided downstream. We came quite close to a rabbit, sitting erect on the bank, his ears straight and stiff, before he flipped up his puff of a tail and darted into the brush.

The locusts sang on and on through the hot sunshine and the very meadows and fields seemed to reflect the glare of the sun. We glided under the low-hanging branches of a willow and could feel the moistness of the river and the coolness of the shade and the darkness of the trees; then out again we shot into the sunshine and glittering rapids.

Yes, the trip was worth-while. The berries were a bonus.

Nan Lawler 326-3

The Maple Army

Thin maple seedlings standing straight
In twilight dim, saw I of late;
They stood as straight as regiments
Reviewed by kings or presidents.

Through cotyledons leaves did peer
As if they brandished shields and spear;
All valiant in array they stood
With verdant uniform and hood.

The light dimmed more, and down they sank
Into the shadows, green and dank;
Spread out and hiding o'er the lawn
To do hard battle, come the dawn.

David Towne, 227-4



THE VISITOR

I was sitting at the dinner table calmly eating my spaghetti, when my mother announced that we were going to have a visitor in January.

"Egad, who is it this time?" I queried.

"You don't seem to understand, dear," mother said; "we're going to have a baby visitor."

Not remembering any babies in the family, except Cousin Louie, who's ten, I asked, "Whose baby?"

"Our baby," Mother retorted.

"What do you mean, our baby?"

At this point my father put down his newspaper and grunted, "She means that she is pregnant."

"Oh, that's nice. Er, may I be excused?"

After retiring to my room, I thought over what was going to happen. I'm going to have a little brother or sister. It may seem strange, but after fifteen years without any brothers or sisters, a fellow gets used to the idea of being an only child. I decided to make a list of the advantages and disadvantages of having a little brother. (By now, I had decided that a sister was out of the question, no advantages at all.) I began with the disadvantages of having a little brother: (1) He would cry, howl, scream, bite, and make a general nuisance of himself. (2) He'd get sick and would promptly give me what he had caught. (3) He would expect to share my room eventually, and there goes my privacy. The advantages were as follows: (1) I'd have fun wrestling and fighting with him because I could always win. (2) He could take over all of my chores. (3) He'd shine my shoes. (4) I

would finally have someone to boss around.

Having decided that the advantages outweighed the disadvantages, I informed my mother that it was all right for her to have a baby--boy, that is.

My brother was born January 15, 1960, at the Washington Hospital Center. The following day I was allowed to see him. At first glance he didn't seem like something worth waiting nine months for. He didn't weigh much, only eight pounds, and couldn't even stand up. Mother liked him, however, so we took him home. A few weeks after he came home I was looking at him as he drank his six o'clock bottle when he did something that took me totally by surprise. He smiled at me! He's been doing it ever since and, now that he's eight months old, gurgles something that sounds like Mike. I'm hooked. He hasn't done a thing since he came, and I don't want him to. He's too old to send back, so I guess I'm stuck with him--or is he stuck with me? Well, I guess we're stuck with each other. Don't mention it to a soul, but I'm real happy about the whole thing.

Michael Olshonsky.330-3

IN DARKNESS SEARCH

I walk in the blessed darkness
And my soul is shielded from the glaring light of
Garish civilization.

I seek solitude, and find it among the evanescent shadows
That flit across the untrod earth, leaving
Nothing but stillness in their wake.

I seek peace and it is known to me
In the dim-lit world of the starless night.

I seek love - and this alone I do not find.
The shadows cannot embrace me,
Nor the stillness find my heart.

I am alone.

Judy Weisz, 326-3

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS---

Disturbers of the human race,
Your bells are always ringing.
I wish the ropes were round your necks,
And you upon them swinging!

These words were written long ago by a frustrated Londoner in protest to the constant clanging of the tower bells as men practiced change ringing. This old art, which began in the middle of the seventeenth century, is a system of sounding a round of bells, three or more in number, in all possible mathematical combinations. A combination is not repeated until the change ends with the same round on which it began. These changes often went on for hours as teams of ringers would ring day and night trying to complete a change. And when you consider that a complete change on twelve bells consists of 497,001,600 combinations, it is easy to understand why the people of the English towns became annoyed. Something had to be done. So small sets of handbells were devised on which the ringers could practice. In this way, they enjoyed the comfort of a well-heated room instead of a cold, damp tower, and the townsfolk were not disturbed.

As the ringers began to experiment with tunes, they were asked to play at Christmas celebrations, fairs, and other gay occasions. This was the beginning of English Handbell ringing. The art grew rapidly in England; groups were organized and arrangements were made specifically for handbells.

Recently there has been a revival of handbell ringing in the United States. Many groups have been organized in association with churches and community groups. I have been a member of the Rock Creek Handbell Ringers since its organization over five years ago. For one year I also rang with the Potomac English Handbell Ringers. Being a member of these two groups has brought me many delightful experiences and taught me many varied skills.

With the Potomac English Handbell Ringers--or the "Pot Ringers" as we sometimes called ourselves for short--I visited many interesting places. At Annapolis, Maryland, I played in the beautiful chapel for an evening service and program. I spent New Year's Eve in Williamsburg, Virginia, to "Ring out the old, ring in the new" at the Potomac Ringers' annual participation in the New Year's celebrations there. Another opportunity I had was to appear on nation-wide television at the annual lighting of the Christmas tree for the Pageant of Peace. These are only a few of the places I have seen and events in which I have participated because of my association with this well-known group.

But it is with the Rock Creek Handbell Ringers that I have had my most satisfying experiences. When I was in the seventh grade, this teen-age group was first formed at my church. Mrs. Nancy Poore Tufts, the director of the Potomac Ringers, was then our choir director. She organized the group and directed it for the five years she was at St. Paul's Church. Since the Rock Creek Ringers never became as widely-known as the older Potomac Ringers, our engagements were for smaller organizations. But being with others my own age with common interests made these performances more fun.

Bell ringing was not, for us, all rehearsals and performances. On Saturday afternoons we would pack away our bells, hang up our fresh, clean costumes, and forget about our name of Rock Creek Handbell Ringers. In their places would appear flashlights, old shirts, dungarees, and tennis shoes, and the name of Belfry Brats. We would all pile into Mrs. Tufts' station wagon and head for one of the churches in the Washington area--not to perform in their chancels, but to climb their towers.

On one trip that we made to St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, we found a Paul Revere bell. All known Revere bells have been recorded,

but the present location of many has never been found. When we checked with the proper authorities, we found that this particular bell was unlisted. As a result of our trip to St. John's, one more bell has been added to the list of those known to be made by this famous craftsman of Revolutionary times.

From my trips with the Belfry Brats I have become convinced that a bell tower is the dustiest place in the world. White sweat shirts become completely black after a trip up and down one of these towers, and it takes two or three washings to get hands clean. But if you don't mind a little dust and you're not afraid of heights, it's fun to climb through trap doors, up ladders slanted backwards, and to balance on a beam of wood near the top of a bell tower.

Though the list of places and events connected with the Rock Creek Ringers is not nearly as glamorous as the one connected with the Potomac Ringers, it includes many unusual activities. Imagine what it is like to walk up and down Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D. C., costumed in thin vestments ringing out Christmas cheer to passing shoppers--in 10° weather; or in the heat of summer to play at the fair in Waterford, Virginia, in a long, full-skirted colonial costume. Though our dress may not always be compatible with the weather, we manage to enjoy most of the performances we give.

Even with these many experiences behind me, I am just starting to get the fullest enjoyment and learning out of bell ringing. I am now director of the Rock Creek Ringers. Last spring Mrs. Tufts resigned as choir director at my church because she is writing a book on bell ringing and found her schedule too full. This fall the ringers did not reorganize because they had no director. Christmas time came near and the group still had no leader. Bells had become so much a part of our Christmas music program that we were willing to do all we could to have them this year also. The past members decided to

do something themselves; so three weeks before Christmas they asked me to be their director. Not realizing all of the responsibility involved, I took the job because I was as eager as everyone else to have bell music for Christmas.

Directing has been an extra challenge--has added an extra note to the enjoyment I always get out of bell ringing. In addition I have had to teach myself many new skills--among them making music arrangements, printing the music, and organizing and managing the group.

I have always found bell ringing an exciting and rewarding activity. I only hope those who hear this unusual type of music do not feel, as those who heard our predecessors did, that bell ringers should be found hanging on the end of ropes. My wish is that they will find listening to bells as pleasant as I find ringing bells, and that their response to ringers will be a chant of my own:

Proud ringers with your golden bells,
Sound carols loud and clear.
Ring out your gay and joyful notes,
So sweet for us to hear.

Ann Boisclair, 119-4



THE LADY

One of the first things you would notice about her is her "greyness." Her eyes are a beautiful blue-grey, her long hair is silver, her clothes are usually black or grey. Your first impression of her, I'll wager, is that she is "the little old lady who lives around the corner."

But there is nothing helpless about her. She can haggle with a storekeeper over a pound of underweight onions as sharply as any of her daughters.....

Most of her children are bakers or cooks, and all the evening and night there is a continuous procession of pies, cakes, buns, helzel, kishka, lox, pchah, and other delicacies. If a newcomer had the audacity to refuse food, my aunt would leave her throne--a huge chair--stride over to the newcomer, and demand in Lithuanian, Italian, and English (for his benefit), "Why aren't you eating? Are you sick? You've got to eat! Your're nothing but skin and bones! Maybe a little soup. A bun? Something! Anything! You've got to take a little something!"

By this time the visitor would be supplied with a string of spicy sausage in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, and two roly-poly children on either knee. What could he do but eat? It was an insult to my aunt unless he knoshed (nibbled) on something--like two or three pieces of gefullte fish.

My aunt's husband sits quietly, often receiving a loving glance from his remarkable wife. No matter how busy she is with a friend or baby, she always has time to touch his shoulder, call his name, make him more comfortable.

As I leave my aunt's home, I might pass one of my numerous cousins entering with a shy stranger, and I hear behind me as I close the door,

"So who's your friend? Sit down, sit down! You'll have a little something to fill the stomach? Somebody get this nice person a cup of coffee!"

To Lucretia

I

Night winds howl, and dogs do bark
Tonight.
But warmth stops the wind,
And love shuts out all sounds.
The glass of the window is cold.
Cold.
The tattered windowshades.
Repulsive.
Across the street, men cut and saw
And chop with an axe
The stately trees,
A house to go in.
No more verdant hue.
Nothing but a back yard,
Trashcans.
This makes me ill,
Truly.
But love overlooks this trifle.
Love is above this.
The time wears on.
Precious sleep lost.
Minor.
The radio is too much.
I turn it off.
But please allow me this.
I have thoughts, dreams,
Desires,
Desires to please,
To regain position
In your graces.
To write too personally is bad.
But too broadly is no improvement.
The snow lies outside,
Cold.
But the old saying,
And this is the essence,
Love is warmth.

II

The hand on the clock says
Nothing.
It merely moves.
But time is involved,
And it means more to me
Than any other consideration
But you,
Because it allows thought.
Limited rest bodes no good
For mental
Or for physical.
Ah, but spiritual. Spiritual.
Yes, there is good.
There is love.
Metal is cold.

Window pane--cold.
What is cold?
Lack of heat.
But what is heat?
Lack of cold? No.
Love.
This poem continues.
Unfortunate, you say, but
Please bear with me.
I continue my catalogue.
Bare wood rafters,
Plastic,
Old lampshade,
Clock,
Telephone,
All cold.
Not for lack of heat
(They're all at room temperature)
But for lack of love.
What's the theme here?
Love, naturally.
But why say so much, just
To say that?
Because love is more than a word.
It is a world,
A feeling, an emotion.
Biology tells you that.

III

Time to concede? No.
I continue.
The clock ticks on.
Thoughts of everyday enter my mind.
They disappear.
What's left?
You.
All other thoughts flee.
There is no room there for them,
For you are there.
They try to break in,
Hopelessly.
Shall we mention
Love again?
How obvious! But that is my fate.
A freak? Perhaps. A writer? No.
A poet? Never!
But this is not poetry.
This is expression.
All but the illiterate can write like this.
Their minds control the pen,
Not some supernatural gift.
There is, however, a gift we all share.
I need not say it.
And I will not.
For I know that, if you've read this far,
You're in communion with my thoughts.
If you have given up already,
These words cannot reach you.
But love can.

In summation:
 No poem, this.
 If so, the worst.
 The words come forth, but
 They stumble on the threshold
 Of eternity.
 As this is written,
 You are asleep,
 Dreaming.
 Perhaps of glory?
 No. You're unpretentious.
 Of?—I won't say.
 No need.
 I am with you, you with me.
 Some day, they say,
 We'll all look back.
 I agree. So will I.
 We'll laugh, they say,
 I agree. So will I.
 But we live in the Now.
 Not in the To Come.

This drivel slowly
 Grinds to a halt.
 None too soon, you say
 Pardon my presumption for
 Putting words into your mouth,
 But I try to understand,
 Without success.
 Some day it will end.
 Some day it might even begin.

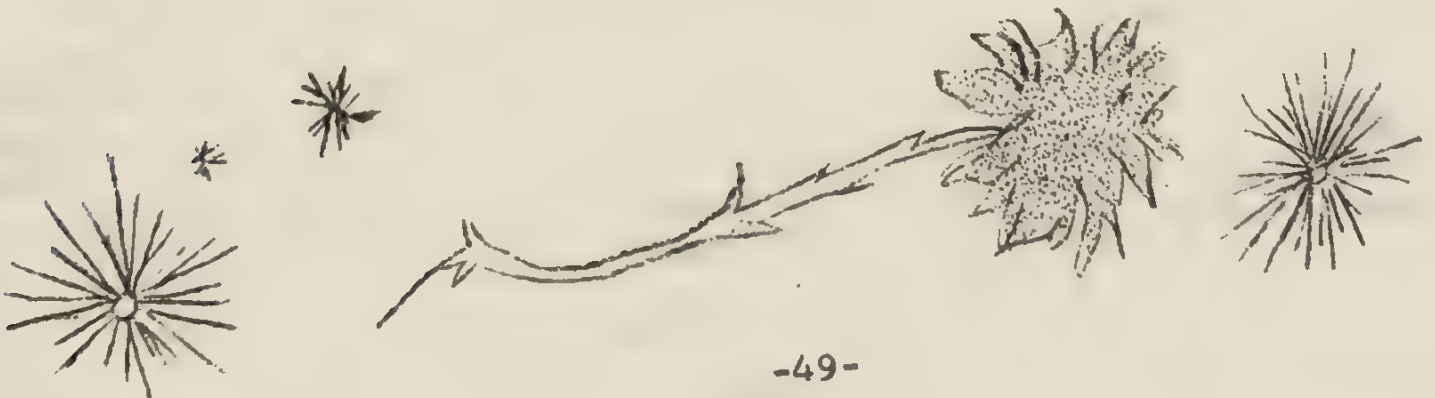
Stephen T. Phillips, 310-3

Dandelions

Young men and young women straight, defiant, golden-haired
 beneath the sun.

Old men and old women—backs bent, white heads gently nodding,
 swaying with the wind.

Margie Coven



AIRBORNE ACROBATICS

The roar of the engines filled my ears, and excitement welled up inside me. Would we ever move? Suddenly the plane gave a lurch and began to snake its way slowly down the runway. We held our breath as it gained more and more speed. I felt a telltale lightness in my stomach, and my brother informed me that we were airborne! Before my eyes the runway became a thread, the earth, a Monopoly board dotted with tiny red, green and blue houses; the cars were scurrying beetles. I looked in wonderment. Then we entered that fairyland world of clouds. They were all around us, big cotton-puff mounds, everywhere nothing but snow-white clouds. They were so near that it was as if I could feel their cottony lightness between my fingers. Indeed, I thought I would meet an angel any moment--for this world could not be mortal.

Before I knew it, the late afternoon light had faded into dusk. The clouds began to thin now and became somewhat feathery. Suddenly, as if someone had pulled a piece of cotton apart, leaving only a few strands in between, the clouds broke, revealing the ocean. I witnessed the spectacle of an ocean sunset reflected in a sea of blood. The sun sank lower and lower--the lower it got, the deeper it became. Around this fiery ball shone halos of red, orange, and yellow, reflected in the water close at hand. Then there were clouds again, coming between us and the sun like a curtain pulled down on an unfinished show. Only a few pink, cotton-candy clouds were there to remind us of the phenomenon we had seen. Soon even they became darker in color, reddish-purple, until there was no more color in the feeble light. And then the blackness set in. Our windows became ebony patches of nothingness. Instinctively I pulled the curtains against the night and turned toward the cheerily lighted cabin and the chatter within the plane. After dinner I became drowsy; soon they turned the lights off. The gentle rocking of the plane and the drone of the engines lulled me to sleep.

When we neared our final destination, Frankfort, we ran into dark clouds, generally flat, grey strips. Here and there a mass of them would rise up like demons ready to snatch our helpless airship. Although we were soon over the city, our pilot informed us that we could not land because of foul weather. We could feel the plane being buffeted about by the winds and tipped to left-right extremes. I did not notice that the conversation within our cabin had lagged and that my father was tight-lipped and white. It was like a roller-coaster ride, this rolling; my brother and I had the time of our lives, calling and laughing to each other across the aisle. We thrilled when the plane tipped his way and then mine, so that the wings were in a vertical position. We kept wondering, and hoping that the plane would fly completely upside-down. This thought put us into hysterics, and we had great fun speculating whether the seat belts would keep us in our seats. I never knew exactly how close we came to crashing, for to me the trip was only very exciting. When the plane finally lowered itself and the rolling let up, we were as disappointed as children at the amusement park when they have to go home.

Ellen Spathelf, 320-3

IN ORBIT

"Whadaya mean it won't come down?" yelled Flight Control Officer R. M. Carlson to Radio Operator Maxwell. "How come it won't come down? Everything that goes up comes down!"

"Not when it's in orbit," peeped Maxwell.

"In orbit! How the devil did it get in orbit?" demanded Carlson.

"It was supposed to climb vertically 250 miles and then level off and make a re-entry into the atmosphere, not go into orbit!"

"Well," stammered Maxwell, "Thornberg says he leveled it off and then the periphery jets jammed and it went into orbit and he can't point the nose earthward. Says he has two hours of oxygen left and wants to know how to get back!"

"Thirty-million-dollars! Thirty million dollars we spend on that fool plane, and he makes a satellite out of it. I told ya my cousin should'a flown it, and not that dope Thornberg!"

"But how do we get it down?" pleaded Maxwell.

"Get it down? How should I know?" howled Carlson. "I'm only a twenty thousand dollar a year Flight Control Officer, not an engineer!"

"But we need the plane for the other experiments," squealed Maxwell.

"Then find Flight Engineer Harvey!"

Thus began the frantic search for Engineer Harvey, the one hope for the plane's return. The entire Edwards Air Force Base was diligently scrutinized in the hopes of locating him. Thirty anxious minutes later, Air Policeman Tom Carter stepped into Flight Tower #3 and confronted Control Officer Carlson.

"We found 'im!" beamed Air Policeman Carter! He's over at the base theater watching Invaders from Venus. He wants to know if he

can see the end of the film, if you don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I mind? It's Thornberg, with 85 minutes of oxygen left, who minds. Tell that refugee from Science Fiction Theater to get over here in five minutes or volunteer for the next flight the ship makes."

Exactly four minutes and fifty-nine seconds later, Engineer Harvey entered Tower #3.

"Hey, Carlson. Have you seen Invaders from Venus?"

"Never mind Invaders from Venus! How do we get him down?"

"How do we get who down from where?"

"How do we get Thornberg down out of orbit," steamed Carlson.

"How did he get in orbit?" inquired Harvey.

"Never mind how he got into it! How does he get out of it!"

He says his periphery jets are jammed."

"Well," mused Harvey, "I suppose he should punch the large red button left of the fuel gauge. That's the auxiliary peripheral jet switch."

"Okay," snarled Carlson to Maxwell. "Tell Thornberg to punch the large red button left of the fuel gauge."

"Roger," answered Maxwell in an authoritative manner.

Ten seconds passed before Thornberg radioed Tower #3.

"Thornberg to Tower 3. Thornberg to Tower 3. Nothing happened when I punched the button.!"

"Well?" quipped Carlson.

"But it should work," mumbled a thoroughly confused Harvey."

At least it did in all the ground tests. Is he sure he punched the large red button?"

"Yes," interrupted Maxwell. "He says he pushed the one between the fuel gauge and the altimeter."

"But the altimeter is on the right side of the fuel gauge!" exclaimed Harvey." He's pushing the button on the right side of the fuel gauge!"

An hour later the head of the Base Emergency Landing Squad called Carlson with news of Thornberg's landing.

"That's right, Carlson. He made it back okay. He's a little blue from lack of oxygen, though. Keeps mumbling about being left-handed and getting right and left mixed up. Doesn't make much sense. Do you have any idea of what he's talking about?"

Thus ended another average day in the life of Flight Control Officer R.M. Carlson, caterer to spacemen.

John Neyhard, 330-3

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE

A sudden sheet of white light streaks across the morning sky. The day--August 6, 1945. The place--Hiroshima, Japan. The decision had been made to drop the first atomic bomb ever used on a city, bringing about the end of World War II. But what about the people of Hiroshima? How did they react to the strange and horrifying flash, the terrible sickness and death which followed, the fear of something unknown?

John Hershey tells hour by hour the lives of six people who survived the hell of the weeks--even the years--which followed. Hiroshima is a stirring and awakening report of startling facts, the impact of which should be felt by every person.

Ann Boisclair, 119-4

I DISCOVER HAWAII

A country is more than hills and valleys and trees and stones. A country is its people, and with this theme of humanness, James Michener has achieved a novel of remarkable quality in Hawaii. Showing his deep love and understanding of the islands, Mr. Michener has told the story of the islands themselves and of the qualities in their inhabitants that have made this south sea paradise the land it is today.

I first discovered Michener's talents in "South Pacific", an adaptation of his book, Tales of the South Pacific, and went on to read the touching story of Sayonora. But though the songs and story of "South Pacific" may delight audiences for years to come, Hawaii will long stand out as a great tribute to the islands he loved.

The novel is divided into five books, each separate and distinct, yet each absolutely necessary for the complete image. The reader sees, in the first book, the endless centuries comprising the formation of the islands, the terrific struggle for life between rock and sea. You see the first seed washed on shore, the first flower, the first stray bird to make a new home there. You realize that life on this paradise must be fought for, just as the islands themselves fought, and that just as the thundering volcanoes rose out of the ocean and were destroyed and rose again, those who were to inhabit this place must be prepared to lose and begin anew.

The intermediate books deal with the population of Hawaii, from the arrival of the first Polynesian canoe to the last imported Japanese worker. The characters are fictional, but their personalities are not easily forgotten, and in their individual lives, Mr. Michener has delicately interwoven the development of the islands. He tells of the

first natives and their paradoxical life that was beautifully peaceful amid bloody wars. He brings the first American missionaries, who gave their stubborn Yankee characteristics to their children and formed the "first families" of the new Hawaii. The Chinese came as laborers, and with their infinite patience and industry, built up vast wealth. And the last newcomers, the Japanese, are shown, and the two battles they had to fight during the War, one against the enemy, and one against their fellow Americans.

In these books you see the islands progress, and wonder along with the American visitor who were really the dispossessed--the Polynesians who lost their lands, or the missionary families who lost their God and their principles. You see the intricate social structures built up and torn down, and the political upheavals that accompanied statehood.

In a sense, the whole novel is only a preface to the last book, the story of the Golden Men. These are the men of Hawaii today, the product of decades of social strife. The American plantation owner, the Chinese landlord, the Hawaiian beachboy, the Japanese politician--all of them are Golden Men. They are not a breed joined by bloodlines;; they are those men who realize their land's past, and hold its future.

This powerful novel tells the story vividly and beautifully. You may forget the names of the characters, but you cannot forget what they represent. They are Hawaii.

Diane Wolfe, 127-3



ASSEMBLY LINE

Mr. Baily stood and watched the assembly line. As the products traveled through the line, they were molded, polished, painted, and completed. Mr. Baily had one of the largest factories in the city and employed more than a thousand workers who were used to run the machinery.

Mr. Baily walked up and down the aisles, watching the men at their work. He talked to them, ordering changes when he felt improvement was needed. He never allowed them to get the least bit out of hand. He knew that even though these workers were little more than ignorant machines, they were capable of organization and revolt. He remembered hearing of such a happening at a less disciplined factory. "Imagine not being able to control dense matter like these dumb robots," he thought scornfully to himself. "What is this world coming to!"

Mr. Baily took one last look at his well-trained, hard-working crew, and turned to leave. Suddenly, he noticed that Assembly Line Worker 5-X-2 was not in his assigned place. The worker was walking rapidly toward him with his arm raised above his head. In his hand he held a long steel pipe. His face was grim and determined. His eyes reflected hatred and wrath.

Mr. Baily began to scream. "Stop! Stop!" he commanded. "Go back! Go back!" But for the first time, 5-X-2 did not heed. "I am your master! Go back! I am..."

But Mr. Baily never completed his sentence. The worker crashed the iron pipe over Mr. Baily's head and he fell to the floor. The worker began to pound and beat him.

Confused and frightened, the other workers scattered and ran from the factory. Soon no one was left except 5-X-2 and what remained of Mr. Baily's springs and coils.

Suddenly, panic seized the renegade. Fear and horror engulfed him. Throwing down the pipe, he fled from the factory. As he ran out the door he felt a sharp pain, as a nail protruding from the wall jabbed his arm. He stopped for a moment and watched as the red blood oozed out, and then started running again.

Judy Hurwitz, 314-3

TO A RADIATOR

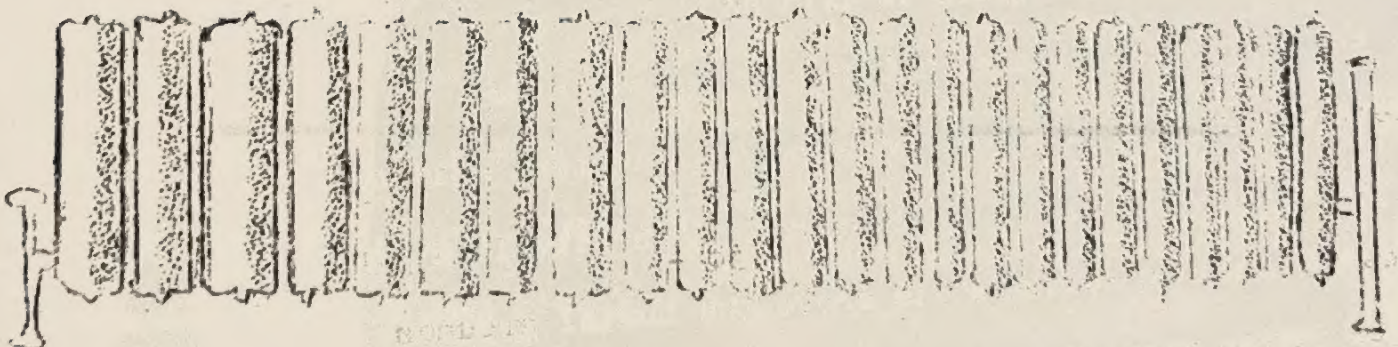
Warmth- the gift of life,
Sustenance of my soul
Without it I am dead,
Grey, shivering and forlorn.

The brightest sun or moon
Imbued with all its glory
Cannot impart, from the winter sky,
The radiant glow
Emitted by the lowly radiator.

Beside the window,
Transferring its heat to
The cold air entering through
The cracks,
The radiator stands....
Spending its time, covered with paint,
Rattling, creaking, rusting,
Sending out benevolent warm beams
To keep me alive.

-57-

Judy Weisz, 326-3



Variations On A Theme

"PAMUNKEY",
(Peh-mun-kay):

I was searching the dusty annals of Indian lore to attain a more beautiful name for my Washington

When, suddenly, I came upon the aboriginal name for this region--
Pamunkey.

I see that this beautifully-musical word denotes not only the small plateau now known as Capitol but also the insignificant Indian tribe that once roamed this area.

Now marvelous stone and steel teepees of the white man occupy the ground formerly covered by the mud and bark wigwams of the Pamunkey.

A magnificent Great Council Lodge of the white man replaces the Indian council gathering.

The White Wigwam of the Great Fathers stands near the place where the Chief of the Pamunkey lodged.

The Marble Tree dedicated to the First Great White Father succeeds the ceremonial totem used by our predecessors.

Roads of the Iron Horse parallel the foot-paths used by native runners to reach the neighboring lodges of the Chickahominy and the Nanticoke,*

And Chesapeake Bay steamers and luxury liners supersede the birch-bark canoe and the dugout of the red man.

A stadium for athletic games is laid on the foundation of the Indian's lacrosse fields.

Ancient weaving-places give way to beautiful stone edifices that house the artistic treasures of our civilization.

Graves of American soldiers lie above the burial grounds of Indian warriors.

*Now the sites of the cities of Norfolk and Baltimore, respectively.

The health lodge named for the great one who found the yellow-fever cure replaces the charms and herbs of the Pamunkey medicine men.

The ghost of the red man haunts the city of the white man.

This is the heritage of our Nation's Capital--our beloved Washington!

Michael Sindler, 229-4

Spring Will Come

The snow is falling on the dying pear tree. What was once a beautiful garden flowering with multi-colored blossoms is now a patch of yellow weeds slowly being covered by a blanket of white flakes. Inside the old, frame, two-family house the same furniture remains, older, grayer, and more worn. It seems as though it, too, has suffered during the past months, months filled with our fear, sorrow, and anguish.

As I climb the stairs to our apartment, I recall the many times my sister and I used to run down them, racing to see who would be first to get the goodies our grandmother had waiting for us in the kitchen of the flat below. I remember especially those Friday evenings each week when we would dash down the stairs at the sound of Grandmother's voice to watch with wide eyes as she lit the Sabbath candles and then beg for a chance to say the blessing over them too. Aunt Bobbie and Uncle Ben and my parents would soon join us at the table opened to its full length for the special night. Together we would sit and eat Shabbos dinner, feeling the warmth of a close-knit family about us.

Many times, though, this sense of warmth would be replaced by the dreadful feeling of fear and desperation. These were the days that found strong Uncle Ben, weak from the anesthetic administered to him in the operation room, in bed slowly recuperating. We would then be bound together by a mutual prayer for his life. He was so close to death. Each of my

grandparents would whimper over and over, "Why take my son, dear Lord? Let me die in his place. Take my life for his. Please, God, let him live!"

The same two-family house which was once filled with our laughter and joy is now dim and silent, enveloped in a cloud of anguish. Even the old pear tree in whose fruit-laden boughs I used to climb seems to be dying, never again to be able to spread its seeds. But the spring will come, and the tree will bear its fruit once more.

Connie Reikes, 330-3

HOOKY

At least several times in a child's life, he talks seriously of playing hooky from school. But few of these fervent wishes have ever done anything about it. I, however, was one of those few.

I was in the seventh grade, in parochial school, the substitute teacher was boring, and the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. The breeze blew softly and the birds twittered happily. I wanted to be outdoors instead of in the classroom, trying to pay attention.

At 10:45, during a fifteen minute break, three girls and I decided that we didn't like the teacher and wouldn't stand for it. Calmly, nonchalantly and leaning on each other for moral support, we simply walked out the front door and kept on walking. We were in luck; nobody was in sight. A few minutes before the bell, we asked one another whether we should go back. The answer was unanimous - NO!

We devised an alibi: One of the girls had lost a pair of knitted green gloves that her grandmother had made, and we were helping hunt for them.

We ended up at Susan's home. Her mother, just leaving for the afternoon, told us to return to school. Nodding assent, we entered the house, and ate and chatted. At 2:30 we decided to return to school for sewing class. As we got closer and closer, we began to feel remorse (or perhaps it was fear). When we reached school, we tried to walk into the room as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Unfortunately, the principal saw us--- the rest of the story is a little painful.

I was ashamed then, but now when I tell people that I once played hooky, there is a little note of pride in my voice. I think they look at me with just a bit of envy (or is it disbelief?).

Linda Lewis, 208-2